Samp. I, the heads of the maides, or their maiden-heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feele it.

Samp. Mee they shall feele while I am able to stand; and 'tis knowne I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst beene poore John: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will backe thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee!

Samp. Let us take the Law of our sides, let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare: I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at us sir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb sir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumbe at us sir?

Samp. Is the law on our side if I say I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No sir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.

Greg. Doe you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir, no sir.

Samp. But if you doe sir, I am for you, I serve as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well sir. *Enter* Benvolio.

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my Masters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregory* remember thy swashing blow. *They fight.*

Ben. Part fooles, put up your swords, you know not what you doe.

Enter